A new Tragicall Comedie of *Apius and Virginia*,

Wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the vertue of Chastitie, by Virginias constancy, in wishing *rather to be slaine at her owne Fathers handes*, then to be deflowred of the wicked Iudge Apius.

By R. B.

The Players names.

Virginius.	Conscience.
Mater.	Iustice.
Virginia.	Claudius.
Haphazard.	Rumour.
Manſipulus.	Comforte.
Manſipula.	Rewarde.
Subſeruus.	Doctrina.
Apius.	Memorie.

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The Prologue.

Qui cupis æthereas & summas scandere sedes
Vim, simul ac fraudem discute chare tibi.
Fraus hic nulla iuuat, nõ fortia facta iuuabũt,
Sola Dei tua te trahat, terse fides.
Qui placet in terris intactæ palludis instar,
Viuere Virginiam nitore virgo sequi,
Quos tulit & luctus, discas gaudia magna
Vitæ, dum parcè scinder fila parent.
Huc ades ô virgo, paritere moritura sepulchro,
Sic ait, & faciem pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame, to sound vnto the Skies,
Or els who seekes the holy place, where mighty Ioue he lies,
He must not by deceitfull mind, nor yet by puissant strength,
But by the faith and sacred lyfe, he must it win at length,
And what she be that virgins lyfe, on earth wold gladly leade,
The fluds that Virginia did fall, I wish her reade,
Her doller and hir dolefull losse, and yet her ioyes at death,
Come Virgins pure to graue with mee, quoth she with latest breath,
You Lordings all that present be, this Tragidie to heare,
Note well what zeale and loue, heerein doth well appeare,
And Ladies you that linked are, in wedlocke bandes for euer,
Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish neuer,
But Virgins you, oh Ladies faire, for honour of your name.
Do lead the life apparent heere, to win immortall fame,
Let not the blinded God of Loue, as Poets tearme him so,
Nor Venus with her venery, nor Lechors cause of wo
Your Virgins name to spot or file: deare dames obserue the like,
That faire Verginia did obserue, who rather wish the knife,
Of fathers hand hir life to ende, then spot her chastety:
As she did waile, waile you her want you maids of courtesie.
If any by example heere, would shun that great anoy,
Our Authour would reioyce in hart, and we would leap for ioy,
Would Gods that our indeuer may, as well to please your eares,
As is our Auctors meaning heere, then were we voyde of feares:
But paciently wee wish you beare with this our first attempt.
Which surely will to do our best, then yeeld vs no contempt,
And as you please in pacient wise, our first for to receiue,
Ere long a better shall you win, if god do graunt vs leaue.

FINIS.

Enter Virginius.

BEfore the time that fortunes lot, dyd shew ech fate his dome,
Or Byrde, or Beast, or fish, or Foule, or Earth had taken rome:
The Gods they did decree to frame, the thing is ended now,
The Heauens, and the Planets eke, and moyst from ayre to bow.
Then framed they ỳ man of mould & clay, & gaue him time to raign,
As seemed best their sacred minds, to runne and turne againe:
They framed also after this, out of his tender side,
A peece of much formositie, with him for to abide:
From infantile to lusty you, and so to raigne awhile,
And well to liue, tyl Eras he vnwares, do him begyle.
And sith to see these giftes of them, on grounded caue to bew,
Not daintyly to deck them vp, which after they may rew:
Wherfore I thank the Gods aboue, that yeld to me such fate,
To lincke to me so iust a spouse, and eke so louing mate.
By her I haue a virgin pure, an ympe of heauenly race,
Both sober, meeke, and modest two, and vertuous in lyke case:
To Temple will I wend therfore, to yeld the Gods their praise,
For that they haue thus luckely, ancred with my daies.
But stay, behold the peereles sparks wherof my tongue dyd talke,
Approch in presence of my sight, to church I deeme they walk,
But stay I wyll, and shroud me secretly a while,
To see what witte or counsell graue, proceedeth from their stile.

Heere entreth Mater and Virginia.

The perte and pricking prime of youth, ought chastisment to haue,
But thou deare daughter needest not, thy self doth shew thee graue:
To se how Phœbus with his beames, hath youth so much infected,
It doth me woe to see them craue the thing it ould be detected.
I drawe to graue, and naught can leaue of thee to be desired,
As much as duty to thy deare, as reason hath required:
Thy sufferent Lord and frindly feare, Virginius father thine,
To nourse as doth become a childe, when boanes are buried mine.

Virginius,

Reuel your minde of mournig plaints, deare mother rest your minde

For

For though that duty dainty were, dame nature will me binde,
So much to do, and further force, of Gods that rule the Skies,
The Glope and eke the Element, they would me els dispices.

Mater.

Then if the Gods haue graunted thee, such grace to loue thy syer,
When time shall chose thee out a make be constant I requier:
Loue, liue, and lyke him well, before you graunt him grace or faith,
So shall your loue continue long, experience thus he saith.

Virginia.

I graunt deare Dame I do agree,
When time shall so prouide:
But tender youth and infansie,
Doth rather wish me bide,
What should I lose Dianas gifte,
And eke the spring to shun:
By which Acteon fatally,
His finall race did run:
Should I as abiect be esteemed,
Throughout Parnassus hill,
Or should my Virgins name be slide,
It were to great a skyll:
But yet it is vnspotted loe,
Right well I do conceaue,
When wedlocke doth require the same,
With parents loue and leaue:
Yet obstinate I wyll not be,
But willing will me yeeld:
When you commaund and not before
Then duety shall me sheeld.

Virginius.

Ah Gods that rule and raine, in heauens, in seas, in flods and lands,
Two couple such I surely deeme, you neuer made with hands,
A Gods why do ye not compel eche Dame the lyke to showe?
And euery Impe of her againe, her duty thus to know,
I cannot stay my tounge from talke, I needes must call my deare,
Oh spouse wel met? Daughter to, what newes how do you cheare?

Mater.

Mater

O deare virginius Ioy to me, oh peereleſſe ſpouſe and mate,
In health I prayſe the Gods I am and iotfull for thy ſtate,

Virginius.

Virginia my daughter deare
How ſtandeth all with thee?

Virginia.

Like happie ſtate as mother tolde,
Like ioyfull ſight to mee.

Virginius.

By the Gods wife I ioy me, that haue ſuch a treaſure,
Such Gemme and ſuch Juell, ſurmounting all meaſure:
Such a happy ſpouſe, ſuch a fortunate dame,
That no blot or ſtaine, can impayre her fame,
Againſt ſuch an Impe, and graffe of my tree,
As cleare doth ſurmount all others that bee.

Mater.

Nay rather deare ſpouſe how much is my eaſe,
To be now aduaunced by ſuch happy grace:
Doth dayly diſtill, my huſband ſo louing,
Graunting and geuing to all thing behouing,
Joying in me, and in the fruicte of my wombe.
Who would not requit it, the Gods yelde their doms
And if it be I, the Gods do deſtroy mee,
Rather then ſinne, ſo fore ſhould annoy me.

Virginius.

Oh wife refell thy wiſhing for woe,
My ſelfe thy faute rightwell do know:
And rather I wiſh my ſelfe to be ſlaine,
Then thou or thy daughter ought wo ſhould ſuſtaine.

Virginia.

Oh Father my comfort, oh Mother my ioy,
O Deare, and O ſufferaigne, do ceaſe to employ
Such dolorus talking, where dangers are none,
Where Joyes are attendant, what needeth this mone,

You matron, you spouse, you Nurse, and you wife,
You comfort, you only the some of his lyfe:
You housband, you harte, you ioye, and you pleasure,
You King, and you Keyser, to her only treasure,
You Father, you Mother, my lyfe doth sustaine,
I babe and I blisse, your health am againe,
Forbeare then your dolor, let mirth be frequented
Let sorow departe, and be not attempted.

Virginius.

Oh wife, oh spouse, I am contente.

Mater.

Oh Husband.

Virginia.

Oh Father wee do consent.

Sing heere.

All singe this.

The truthest treasure in earth earth as wee see,
Is man, wife and children in one to agree,
Then friendly, and kindly, let measure be mired
With reason, in season, where friendship is fixed.

Virginius.

When nature nursed first of all, yong Alexander learned,
Of whō the Poets mencion make, in iudgement so deserned,
Oh what did want that loue procured his vital end well neare,
This is the hope where parents loue, their children do not feare,

All sing this.

The truthest treasure in earth as wee see,
Is man wife and children &c.

Mater.

When time King Nisus would not let, his daughter to be taught,
Of any one correcting hand to nurtue to be brought:
She void of duty cut his lockes, and golden tresses cleare,
Whereby his realme was ouerrun, and she was payd her hier.

At

All ſing this.

The truſtieſt treaſure in earth as we ſee,
Is man wife and childꝛen.ꝛc

Virginia.

When Dedalus from Creete did flie,
With Icarus his ioy:
He naught regarding fathers wozds,
Did ſeeke his owne anoy:
He mounted vp into the ſkies,
Wherat the Gods did frowne,
And Phœbus ſozе his winges did frie,
And hedlonge flins him downe.

All ſinge this.

The truſtieſt treaſure in earth as we ſee.
Is man wife and childꝛen ꝛc.

Virginius.

Then ſith that perſualitie, doth partly diſcozde mone,
And hatred often times doth creepe where ouermuch wee loue:
And if we loue no whit at all, the faming trump will ſound,
Come wife, come ſpouſe, come daughter deare, let meaſure beare ſway.

All ſinge this. (ground.

The truſtieſt treaſure in earth as we ſee
Is man wife and childꝛen in one to agree,
Then friendly, and kindly, let meaſure be mired, Exit.
With reaſon, in ſeaſon, where frindſhip is fired.

¶Here entreth Haphazard the Vice.

VEry well ſir, very well ſir, it ſhalbe done,
As faſt as euer I can pꝛepare,
Who dippes with the Diuel, he had neede haue a long ſpoone,
Oꝛ els full ſmale will be his fare:
Yet a pꝛoper Gentleman I am of truthe
Yea that may yee ſee by my long ſide gowne.

Yea

Yea but what am I, a Scholer, or a scholemaister, or els some youth.
A Lawier, a studient or els a countrie cloune
A Brumman, a Baskit maker, or a Baker of Pies,
A flesh or a Fishmonger, or a sower of lies:
A Louse or a louser, a Leeke or a Larke:
A Dreamer a Drommell, a fire or a sparke:
A Caitife, a Cutthrote, a creper in corners,
A herbraine, a hangman, or a grafter of horners:
By the Gods, I know not how best to deuise,
My name or my property, well to disguise:
A Marchaunte, a May poole, a man or a mackrell:
A Crab or a Creuise, a Crane or a cockerell:
Most of all these my nature doth inioy,
Somtime I aduaunce them, somtime I destroy,
A mayde or a Mussell Bote, a wife or a wilde ducke,
As bolde as blinde bayerd, as wise as a wood cocke.
As fine as phippence, as proude as a Pecocke,
As stout as a Stockefish, as mœke as a mecocke,
As bigge as a begger, as fat as a foole,
As true as a Tinker, as riche as an Owle,
With hey tricke, how trowle, trey trip, and trey trace,
Trowle hazard in a vengeance I beshrew his knaues face
For tro, and trowle hazard, kœpe such a range
That poore haphazard, was neuer so strange,
But yet Haphazard, be of good chœre,
Goe play and repast thœ man, be mery to yœre:
Though vittaile be dainty and hard for to get.
Yet perhaps a number will die of the swet,
Though it be in hazard, yet happely I may,
Though mony be lacking, yet one day go gay.

¶Enter Mansipulus.

When Maud, with a pestelence, what makst thou no hast?
Of Baybery insence belike thou wouldest tast,
By the Gods I haue stayed a full great while,
My lorde he is neare hand by this at the Church stile,
And al for Maud mumble turde, that mampodding madge
By the Gods if she hie not, ile geue her my badge.

Manſipula.

What drake noſed drivell, begin you to floute.
Ile frie you in a fagot ſticke, by cocke goodman loute
You boaſter you bragger, you brawling knaue:
Ile pay thee thy fortypence, thou brawling ſlaue:
My Ladies great buſines belike is at ende,
When you goodman dawcocke, luſt for to wend,
You, codſhed you crackerope, you chattering pye,
Haue with ye, haue at ye, your manhode to try.

Haphazard.

What holde your hands maſters, what? fie for ſhame fie,
What culling? what lulling? what ſtur haue wee here?
What tugging? what lugging? what pugging by the eare,
What part and be freinds, and ende all this ſtrife,

Manſipulus.

Nay rather I wiſhe hir, the end of my knife:

Manſipula.

Drawe it, geue mee it, I will it receaue,
So that for to place it, I might haue good leaue,
By the Gods: but for loſing my land, lyfe, and liuing,
It ſhould be ſo placed, he ſhould haue ill thriuinge:

Manſipilus.

By the Gods how vngraciouſly the vickſen ſhe chatteth,

Manſipula.

And be euen as knauiſhly, my anſwer he patteth,

Haphazard.

Here is naught els, but railing of words out of reaſon,
Now tugging, now tatling, now muſling in ſeaſon,
For ſhame be contented and leaue of this brawling,

Manſipulus.

Content, for I ſhall repent it, for this my tonge wralling:

Manſipula.

Thou knaue, but for thee, ere this time of day,
My Ladies faire Pue, had been ſtrawed full gay:
With Primroſes, Couſlips, and Violets ſweete:
With Pints, and with Marigolds, and Margerum meete,

Which

Which now lyeth vncleanly and all long of thee,
That a shame recompence thee, for hindring mee,

Mansipulus.

Ah pretie pranck parnel, the Cushen and Booke,
Whereon he shoulde reade and knæle, are present here looke:
My Lorde when he seeth mee, he will cast such an eye,
As pinch wyll my hart neare ready to die:
And thus wise, and thus wise, his hand wyll be walking
With thou precious knaue, away get thee packing

¶ Here let hym fight.

Haphazard.

Nay then by the masse, its time to be knacking,
No words at all but to me he is poynting:
Nay haue at you againe, you shall haue your annoynting,

Mansipula.

Body of me, hold ye the cam,
What will you kill such a proper man?

Haphazard.

Nay sure I haue done when women do speake,
Why would the knaue my patience so breake?

Mansipulus.

Well I must begon, there is no remedy
For feare my tayle makes buttons, by mine honesty.

Haphazard.

For reuerence on your face, your nose and your chin:
By the Gods haue ye harde such an vnmannerly villin.

Mansipula.

I neuer heard one so rancke of rudenesse,

Mansipulus.

In faith it is but for lacke of tendernesse:
But here I burne day light, while thus I am talking
A way come Mansipula, let vs be walking,

Mansipula

Contented Mansipulus, haue with thee with speede,

Haphazard.

Nay stay yet my frendes I am not agreede.

Manſipula.

Wee dare not tary, by God wæ ſweare.

Haphazard.

Nay tarry take comfort with you for to beare,
It is but in hazard and yf you be miſt,
And ſo it may happen you fæle not his fiſt:
Perhaps he is ſtayde by talke with ſome friend
It is but in hazarde, then ſing or you wend
Let hope be your helper, your care to defend.

Manſipulus.

By hap or by hazard, we ſinge or we crie,
Then ſinge let vs ſay ſo, let ſorow go by.

Manſipula.

We can be but beaten that is the worſt,

¶ Enter Subſeruus.

What how Manſipulus, thou knaue art thou curſte
My lorde ſtandeth talking and I gape for thee,
Come away with a wannion, runne haſt and hie,

Manſipulus.

Nay herken Supſeruus, ſtay I pray thee,
Let vs haue a ſong and then haue with thee:

Subſeruus.

Content if thou hie thee.

¶ Sing here all.

Hope ſo, and hap ſo, in hazard of threatninge,
The worſt that can hap ſo, in end is but beating.

Manſipulus.

What if my Lordinge, doo chaunce for to miſſe me,
The worſt that can happen, is Cudgell will kiſſe mee,
In ſuch kinde of ſweetnes, I ſweare by Gods mother,
It will pleaſe me better, it were on ſome other,
With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,
with bobbing and bum,
Our ſyde ſaddle ſhoulders ſhal ſhende that doth coime?
Hope ſo, and hap ſo, in hazarde &c.

Man-

Manſipula.

¶ If caſe that my Lady, do threaten my caſe,
No cauſe to contrary, but beare hir a ſpace,
Untill ſhe draw home to, where ſo ſhe will vſe me,
As Docters doth doubt it, how I ſhould excuſe me,
With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our ſide ſaddle ſhoulders ſhal ſheilde that doth come:
Hope ſo, and hap ſo, in hazard &c.

Subſeruus.

¶ What if your company cauſe me haue woo,
I minde not companyons ſo ſoone to forgo:
Let hope holde the Helmet, till brunt it be paſt,
For bloes are but buffits and words but a blaſt,
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
with bobbing and bum,
Our ſide ſaddle ſhoulders ſhal ſheild that doth come,
Hope ſo, and hap ſo, in hazard &c.

Haphazard.

¶ Then let vs be mery, it is but by hap,
A hazardly chaunce may harbor a clap,
Beſtir ye, be mery, be glad and be ioying,
For bloes are but buffits and ſmale time annoying,
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
with bobbing and bum,
Our ſide ſaddle ſhoulders ſhal ſheild that doth come.
Hope ſo, and hap ſo, in hazard &c.

¶ The end of the ſong.

All ſpeaketh this.

Haphazard farewell, the Gods do thanke thee. Exions.

Haphazard.

Farwell my friends, farwell gee prancke yee:
By the Gods Haphazard, theſe men haue tried thee,

Who sayd thou wast no man, sure he belied thee,
By loue master Marchant by sea or by land,
Would get but smale argent, if I did not stand,
His very good master, I may say to you,
When he hazards in hope, what hap will insue:
In court I am no man, by cocke sir ye lie,
A Plowman perhaps ere that he die,
May hap be a Gentleman, a Courtier or Captaine,
And hap may so hazard, he may goe a begging:
Perhap that a Gentleman, heyre to great land,
Which selleth his liuing, for mony in hand,
In hazard it is the byng of more,
Perhaps he may rise when spent is the store:
Hap may so hazard the Mone may so chaunge.
That men may be masters, and wiues will not raunge:
But in hazard it is in many a grange,
Lest wiues were the Codpeece, and maydens coy strange:
As Peacockes sit perking, by chaunce in the plomtree,
So maides would be masters, by the guise of this countrey
Haphazard eche state full well that he markes,
If hap the skie fall, we hap may haue Larkes:
Well, fare ye well now, for better or worse, Exit.
Put hands to your pockets, haue minde to your purse.

Enter Judge Apius.

The sorowed face of Fortunes force, my pinching paine doth moue
I setled ruler of my realme inforced am to loue:
Judge Apius I the pimeelest Iudge, that raigneth vnder sonne,
And haue bene so esteemed long, but now my force is done:
I rule no more, but ruled am, I do not Judge, but am Judged,
By beuty of Virginia, my wisdome all is trudged,
Oh pereleese Dame, Oh passing peece, oh face of such a nature,
That neuer erst with bewty such, matched was by nature:
Oh fond Apelles prattling fole, why boastest thou so much?
The famost peece thou masst in Greece, whose liuments were such
Or why diost thou decsued man, for beuty of thy worke?

In

In such a sort with fond desire, where no kinde lyfe dyd lurke,
With raging fits thou fole ran mad, oh fond Pigmalion,
Yet sure if that thou sawest my deare, the like ỹ couldst make none,
Then what may I, oh Gods above, bend downe to heare my crie,
As once he did to Salmasis, in Pond hard Lyzia by:
Oh that Virginia were in case as somtime Salmasis,
And in Hermafroditus stæde, my selfe might sæke my blisse,
Ah Gods, would I vnfolde her armes, complecting of my necke?
Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yælde her such a checke?
Would I gainsay hir tender skinne, to baath where I do washe?
Or els refuse hir soft swæte lippes, to touch my naked flesshe?
Nay, oh the Gods do know my minde, I rather would requier,
To sue, to serue, to crouch, to knæle, to craue for my desier.
But out ye Gods, ye bende your browes, and frowne to sæ me fare,
Ye do not force my fickle fate, ye do not way my care,
Unrightcous, and vnequall Gods, vniust, and eke vnsure,
Woe worth the time ye made me liue, to sæ this hapleſſe houre:
Dyd Iphis hang himselfe for loue, of Lady not so faire?
Or els did Ioue the cloudie mistes, bend downe from lightsome ayze:
Or as the Poets mencion make, of Inachs daughter mæke,
For loue dyd he to make a Cowe, whom Inach long dyd sæke:
Is loue so great, to cause the quicke, to enter into Hell,
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell?
Then what is it that loue cannot? why loue dyd pearce the skies:
Why Pheb. and famous Marcury, with loue had blinded eies?
But I a Judge of grounded yæres, shall reape to me such name,
As shall resounde dishonour great, with Trump of careleſſe fame:
Oh that my yæres were youthfull yet, or that I were vnwedded.

¶ Here entreth Haphazard.

Why cease sir Knight, for why perhaps, of you she shalbe bedded:
For folow my counsell, so may you me please,
That of carefull resurging, your hart shall haue ease.

Apius.

Oh thundring Gods that threaten yze,
and Plague for eche offence:

Your

Your selues I deeme would counsell craue,
in this so fit pretence:
And eke your nimble stretched armes,
with great rewards would stie,
To purchase faire Virginia,
so deare a wight to me:
And friend, I sweare by Iubiter,
and eke by Iunos seate:
And eke by all the misteries,
where on thou canst intreate:
Thou shalt possesse and haue,
I will thee graunt and geue,
The greatest part of all my Realme,
for aye thee to releeue.

Haphazard.

Well then, this is my counsell, thus standeth the case,
Perhaps such a fetche, as may please your grace:
There is no more wayes, but hap or hap not,
Either hap, or els haplesse, to knit vp the knot:
And if you will hazard, to venter what falles,
Perhaps, that Haphazard, will end al your thralles.

Apius.

I meane so. I will so, if thou do perswade me,
To hap or to hazard, what thing shall enuade me:
I King, and I Keyser, I rule and ouerwhealme:
I do what it please me, with in this my realme:
Wherfore in thy iudgement, see that thou do enter,
Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter.

Haphazard.

Then this, and in this sorte, standeth the matter,
What nede many wordes, vnlesse I should flatter,
Full many there be, will hazarde their life,
Happely to ease your grace of all your strife,
Of this kinde of conspiracie now let vs common,
Some man, Virginius, before you must summon,
And say that Virginia is none of his Daughter.

But

But that Virginius by night away caught her:
Then charge you the father his Daughter to bringe,
Then do you detayne hir, till proued be the thing:
Which well you may win hir, she present in house,
It is but Haphazarde, a man or a mouse

Apius.

I finde it, I minde it, I sweare that I will,
Though shame, or defame, do happen no skill,
But out I am wounded, how am I deuided?
Two states of my life, from me are now glided,
For Consience he pricketh me contempned, (ned:
And Justice saith, Judgement wold haue me condem
Consience saith crueltye sure will detest me:
And Justice saith, death in thende will molest me,
And both in one sodden me thinkes they do crie,
That fier eternall, my soule shall destroy.

Here let him make as rhogh he went out and let Confince and Iustice come out of him, and let Confiēce hold in his hande a Lamp burning and let Iustice haue a sworde and hold it before Apius brest.

Haphazard.

Why these are but thoughts man? why fie for shame fie
For Consience was carelesse, and sayling by seas,
Was drowned in a basket and had a disease,
Sore mooued for pitye, when he would graunt none,
For beyng hard harted, was turned to a stone:
And sayling by Sandwitche he sunke for his sin,
Then care not for consience, the worth of a pin:
And Judgement iudge Justice to haue a reward,
For iudging still iustly, but all is now marde,
For giftes they are geuen, wher Judgement is none,
Thus Judgement and Justice awronge way hath gone:
Then care not for Consience the worth of a fable,
Justice is no man, nor nought to do able.

Apius.

And saiest thou so my sured frēende, then hap as hap shall hit,
Let Consience grope, & iudgement craue, I wil not shrink one whit
I well perseuer in my thought, I will deflower hir youth,
I will not sure reuerted be, my hart shall haue no ruth,
Come on procæde and wayte on me, I will hap woe or wealth,

Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap like, hap death, though Haphazard be of (health

Haphazard.

At hand (quoth picke purse) here redy am I,
See well to the Cut Purse, be ruled by me.

Conscience. Exit. Go out here.

O cleare vnspotted giftes of loue,
How haps thou art refused?
Oh Conscience cleare, what cruell minde
Thy truth hath thus misused?
I spotted am by wilfull will,
By lawles loue and luste
By dreadfull daunger of the life.
By faith that is vntrust.

Iustice.

Ah gift of loue, ah Fortunes face,
Ah state of steddy life:
I Justice am and Prince of peeres,
The end of Lawes and strife:
A guider of the common weale,
A gwerdon to the poore:
And yet hath filthy lust suppressed,
My vertues in one houre,
Well well this is the most to trust,
In ende we shall espire:
To see the end of these our foes
With sword and eke with fire.

Conscience.

Oh help ye Gods, we members require. Exit.

¶ Enter Haphazard.

When gayne is no gransier,
And gaudes naught set by:
Nor Puddings, nor Pie meate,
Poore knaues will come nie:
Then hap and Haphazard,
Shall haue a new cote:
And so it may happen.

To cut couetousnesse throte:
Yea then shall Iudge Apius.
Virginia obtayne:
And Oxse shall cracke Muscels,
Perhaps in the rayne:
Lerkes shalbe Leuerets,
And skip to and fro:
And chourles shalbe codsheads,
Perhaps and also:
But peace for mans body,
Haphazard be mum,
Fie prating noddy,
Iudge Apius is come.

Here entreth Iudge Apius and Claudius.

THe furies fell of Lymbo Lake.
my Princely daies do shorte:
All drownde in deadly woes I liue,
that once dyd ioy in sport,
I liue and languish in my lyfe,
as doth the wounded Deare:
I thirst, I crane, I call and crie,
and yet am naught the neare:
And yet I haue that me so match,
within the Realme of mine:
But Tantalus amids my care,
I hunger sterue and pine:
As Sisifus I roule the stone,
in vaine to top of Hill:
That euermore vncertainly,
reuoluing slideth still:
Oh, as if to her it were to me,
what labours would I flie:
What raging seas would I not plow,
to her commoditie:

But out alas I doubt it sore,
lest drousy Morpheus:
His slumbry kingdomes graunted hath,
with Dewes and bewtious:
Oh Gods aboue that rule the Skies,
ye Babes that bragge in blisse:
Ye Goddesses, ye Graces you,
what burning brunt is this?
Bend downe your Ire, destroy me quicke:
or els to graunt me grace,
No more but that my burning breste,
Virginia may imbace:
If case your eares be dead and deafe,
the Feende and spirites beloe:
You careless carls of Limbo Lake,
your forced mightes bow shoe.
Thou Caitife Kinge of darksome den,
thou Pluto plaged knaue:
Send forth thy sacred vengeaunce straight,
consume them to the graue:
That will not aide my case,

Claudius.

Content and if it like your grace,
I will attempt the deede:
I sommon will Virginius,
before your seat with speede,

Haphazard.

Do so, my Lorde be you not afrayde,
And so you may happen to Hazard the mayde:
It is but in Hazard, and may come by hap,
Win her, or lose her, trie you the trap.

Apius.

By the Gods, I consent to thee Claudius now
Prepare the in haste Virginius vnto,
Charge him, commaund him, vpon his alegeance

With all kinde of ſpæde, to yælde his obeyſance,
Before my ſeate in my conſiſtary
Subpene of lande, life and treaſurie.

Here let Claudius go out with Haphazard.

No let, no ſtay, nor ought perturbraunce,
Shall cauſe me to omit the furtheraunce,
Of this my waighty charge: Exit.

Apius.

Well now I range at large my will for to erpreſſe,
For looke how Torquin, Lucres faire, by force did once oppreſſe,
Euen ſo will I Virginia vſe:

Here let Conſience ſpeake within.

Iudge Apius prince, oh ſtay refuſe,
Be ruled by thy friende:
What bloudy death with open ſhame,
Did Torquin gaine in ende?

Apius.

Whence doth this pinching ſounde deſende?

Conſcience.

From contrit Conſcience pricked on,
By member of thy lyke,
Enforced for to cry and call,
And all to end our ſtrife.

Apius.

What art thou then declare be præſe?

Conſience.

Not fleſh nor filthy luſt I am:
But ſecret conſience I,
Compeld to crie with trimbling ſoule,
At point nere hand to die.

Apius.

Why no diſeaſe dath me aproche, no griefe doth make me grudge,
But want of faire Virginia, whoſe beauty is my Iudge:
By hir I liue, by hir I die, for hir I ioy or woe,

For hir my soule doth sinke or swimme, for hir I swere I goe.

Conscience.

Ah Gods, what wittes doth raine, and yet to you vnknowen:
I die the death, and soule doth sinke, this filthy flesh hath sowen.

Apius.

I force it not, I wyll attempt, I stay for Claudius heare,
Yet wyll I goe to mete with him, to know what newes and cheare.

¶ Here entreth Haphazard.

Hast for a hangman, in hazard of hempe
Runne for a riddocke, there is no such impe:
Claudius is knocking, with hammer and stone,
At Virginius gate, as hard as he can lay one:
By the Gods my maisters, Haphazard is hardy,
For he will run rashly, be they neuer so many,
Yea he wyll singe sowsnowt, and sknap with the best,
But peace, who comes yonder, what Iely good geste

¶ Here enter in with a songe.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and cry,
And fearing with temerety, its ieopardy, of libertie,
We wish him take to chere his hart, Haphazard,
Bouldc blinde bayarde,
A Fygge for his vncourtesie,
That seekes to shun good company.

Mansipulus.

What if case that cruelty, should bussell me, and iustell me,
And Holywand should tickle me, for keping of good companye:
Ile folow by my honestie, hap Haphazard, bould blinde bayard,
A figge for his vncourtesie, that seekes to shun good companie.

All singe this.

When men wyll seeme misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and crie. &c.

Mansi.

Mansipula.

Neuer was that misteris, so furious nor curious,
Nor yet hir blees so boisterous, nor rosterous, nor dolorous,
But sure I would venterous, hap Haphazard, bould blinde bayard
A figge for his vncourtesie, that sekes to shun good companie.

All singe this.

When men wyll seme misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and crie. &c.

Haphazard.

Then wend ye on and folow me, Mansipula, Mansipula.
Let croppyng cares be cast away, come folow me, come folow me,
Subseruus is a toyly loute, brace Haphazard bould blinde bayards,
A figge for his vncourtesie, that sekes to shun good company.

All sing this.

When men will seme misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and cry. &c.

The end of the song.

Heere Haphazard speaketh.

I by the Gods my maysters, I tould you plaine,
Who companyes with me, will desire me agayne:
But how dyd ye spede I pray ye shew me,
Was all well agred, did no body blow ye.

Mansipulus.

Masse syr, hap dyd so happen, that my Lorde and maister,
Staied in beholding and viewing the Pasture.
Which when I perceiued, what excuse did I make?
I came in the crosse way, on the nerside the Forlake,
Hard by Hodges halfe aker, at gaffers Millers stile.
The nert way round about, by the space of a mile,
And at Symkins side ridge, my Lord stode talking,
And angerly to me (quoth he) wher hast thou ben walking
Without any staggeryng, I had ready my lye,

Out at Bridgemedow, and at Benols leafe (quoth I)
Your fatlings are feding well Sir, the Gods be praifed,
A goodly loume of beef on them is, all redy raifed,
The outfteps on Frauncis Fabulator that was neuer my friende,
How paft you Carters hay rocke, at long medow ende
There might one (quoth he) within this few dayes,
With a caft net had geuen.iiii. knaues great affrayes:
Under the Hedge with a payre of new Cardes both rip and fledge,
Is it true quoth my Lorde, will this geare neuer be left,
This caufes fwearing, and ftaring, proling and theefte:
Well (quoth my Lorde) take hede leaft I finde it,
And fo paft his way, and did no more minde it.

Haphazard.

By the Gods that was fport, ye and fport alone,

Manfipula.

Yea, but I was in worfe cafe by Saint Jhon,
My Lady in Church was fet full douout,
And hearing my comming fhe tourned aboute:
But as fone as I heard hir fnappifhly founde,
In this forte I crouched me downe to the grounde,
And mannerly Maude, as though I were fad.
As foone as the Pue then ftrawed I had,
She gaue me a wincke, and frowardly frowne,
Wherby I do iudge, fhe woulde cougell my gowne:
Then I dyd deuife, a pretty fine pranke,
I meane whereby to picke me a thanke:
Of Margery Wildon the maide of the Milke houfe,
And ftainer the ftutter the guid of the ftore houfe,
Then was my Ladies anger well gone,
And wilbe fo ftill, and the truthe be not knowne.

Haphazard.

Ber Lady, barefoote this bakes trimly,

Subferuus.

Nay but I efcaped more finely,
For I vnder this hedge one while dyd ftay,
Then in this bufhe, then in that way:

Then

Then slipt I behind them among all the rest,
And seemed to common to, of things with the best,
But so it did happen, that all things were well,
But hazard it is, least time will truth tell.

Haphazard.

Tut, tut, that was but by hap, and if it be so,
Well sith it was in hazard then let it go.

Subseruus.

Content by my honestie, then farewell all wo.

Mansipulus.

Come out dogge, ye speake happely of truth if it be so,

¶All speake.

Now master Haphazard, fare you well for a season,

Haphazard,

Let my councell at no time with you be geason.

¶All speaketh.

No by the Gods, be sure not so,

Haphazard.

Well sith here is no company haue with ye to Jerico. Exit.

Enter Virginius.

What so the Gods they haue decreed to worke and do by me?
I meruaile why Judge Apius he, such gretings lets me see:
I serued haue his seate, and state, I haue maintaind his weale,
I haue suppressed the rebels stoute, I beare to him such zeale,
And now he sends to me such charge, vpon my life and lands,
Without demur, or further pause, or ere ought things be scand,
That I in hast, with posting spede, to Court I do repaire,
To aunswer that alleaged is, before his Judgement Chaire,
Some Victories they do expresse, when such mishaps do fall,
They should haue tokens many a one, I haue not one but all:
My Iuels sometime precious, do vade and beare no hewe,
My sences they do shun there course, my lights do burne as bleiue:
My willing wights are wared slow, that once were swifte in spede
My hart it throbs in wonderous sort, my nose doth often blede:

My dreadfull dreames do draw my woe and hatefull hazard hale,
These tokens be of euill hap, this is the old wiues tale:
But yet O thou Virginius, whose hoary heares are olde,
Didst treason neuer yet commit, of this thou maist be bould:
In Mars his games, in marshall frates, thou wast his only aide,
The huge Carredo his hazards thou, for him was ofte assaide:
Was Sillas force by thee oft shunde, or yet Adrice lande,
Laceface childe that Minnotaur, did cause thee euer stande:
To pleasure him, to serue thy leach, to keepe all things vpright,
Thou God aboue, then what is it, that yeldeth me this spight:
Sith nothing neede misdoubted be, where grounded cause is none,
I enter will Judge Apius gate, reiecting care and mone:
But stay Virginius, loe, thy Prince doth enter into place,
Oh sufferant Lord, and rightfull Judge, the Gods do saue thy grace.

Here entreth Judge Apius and Claudius.

With tender hart Virginius, thou welcome art to me,
I sory am to vtter out, the things I here of thee:
For Claudius a subiecte here, a man of mickle fame,
Appealeth thee before my Courte, in deede of open shame:
And though in deede I loue thee so, as thy deserts desier,
Yet not so but I must Judgement geue, as Justice doth require.

Virginius.

My Lord and reason good it is, your seruaunt doth request,
No parciall hand to aide his cause, no parciall minde or brest:
If ought I haue offended you, your Courte, or eke your Crowne,
From lofty top of Turret hie, persupetat me downe:
If treason none by me be done, or any fault committed,
Let my accusers beare the blame, and let me be remitted.

Apius.

Good reason to Virginius, come Claudius shew thy minde,
Let Justice here, if Judgment may, Virginius gilty finde

Claudius.

Thou sufferant Lord, and rightfull Judge, this standeth now at case,

In

In tender youth not long agone, nere sirtene yeares of space,
Virginius a thrall of mine, a childe and infant yonge,
From me did take by subtell meane, and kepes by arme full strong
And here before your grace I craue, that Justice be extended,
That I may haue my thrall agayne, and faultes may be amended

Virginius.

Ah Gods that guide the globe aboue what forged tales I here,
Oh Judge Apius, bend your eares, while this my crime I cleare:
She is my child, and of my wife her tender corpes did springe,
Let all the countrey where I dwell, beare witnesse of the thing.

Apius and Claudius go forth, but Apius speaketh this.

Nay by the Gods not so my friend, I do not so decree,
I charge thee here in paine of death, thou bring the maide to mee:
In chamber close, in prison sound, the secret shall abide,
And no kinde of wight shall talke with her, vntill the truth be tride:
This do I charge, this I commaund, in paine of death let see,
Without any let, that she be brought, as prisoner vnto me: Exit.

Here let Virginius go about the scaffold

Ah fickle faule, vnahppy dome, oh most vncertaine rate,
That euer chaunce so churlishly, that neuer staide in state: (finde:
What Judge is this: what cruell wretch: what faith doth Claudius
The Gods do recompence with shame, his false and faithles minde:
Well home I must, no remedy, where shall my soking teares,
Augment my woes, decrease my ioyes, while death do rid my feares

Here entreth Rumour.

Come Ventus come, blow forth thy blast,
Prince Eol listen well,
The filthiest fackte that euer was,
I Rumor now shall tell:
You gods bend downe to here my crie,

reuengemente duly showe,
Thy Rumor craues did Claudius lay,
and bring Iudge Apius loe:
That wicked man, that fleshly Iudge,
hath hiered Claudius,
To claime a childe, the only heyre,
of olde Virginius.
A virgin pure, a Quæne in life,
whose state may be deplored,
For why the Quæne of chaste life,
is like to be defloured:
By false Iudge Apius cruell wretche,
who straightly hath commaunded,
That she to keping his be brought,
Prince Pluto this demaunded:
To skies I flie to blase abrode,
the trompe of depe defame,
Reuenge you Gods this Rumor craues,
this bloud and bloody shame:
Haue through the ayre, geue place you ayres,
this is my dutye done,
The Gods confound such lecherers,
loe Rumor this I run.

Virginius.

O man, O mould, oh mucke, O clay, O Hell, O hellish hounde,
O faulse Iudge Apius wrablinge wretch, is this thy treason founde:
Woe worth the man that gaue the sæde, wherby ỹ first didst spring
Woe worth the wombe ỹ bare the babe, to meane this bludy thing:
Woe worth the paps that gaue ỹ sucke, woe worth the Fosters eke
Woe worth all such as euer did, thy health or liking sæke:
Oh that the graued yeares of mine, were couered in the clay

Here entreth Virginia.

Let pacience deare father mine, your rigor something stay,
Why do you waile in such a sorte? why do you wæpe and mone?

Virgi-

Virginius

Oh doughter deare and only heyre, my life is neare forgone,
And all for loue of thee

Virginia.

A Gods how may this be?
Deare father do withdraw your dread, and let me know the cause,
My selfe well ayde with lyfe or death, without demur or pause:
Then tender your childe, that craueth this bound.

Virginius

Oh harken deare daughter attend thou my sounde:
Iudge Apius prickt forth with filthy desire:
Thy person as Lemmon, doth greatly require:
And no kinde of intreatie, no feare nor no shame,
Will he heare aledge, defending the same:
And straight without staying in paine of my death,
I must bring thee thither, wherfore stop my breath,
O Sisters, I search, I seeke, and I craue,
No more at your handes, but death for to haue,
Rather then see my Daughter deflourde,
Or els in ill sorte, so vildely deuourde.

Virginia.

Oh father, oh friendship, oh fatherly fauour,
Whose dulset words, so sweetly do sauour,
On knees I beseeche thee to graunt my request,
In all things according, as lyketh thee best:
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted,
My name and my kindred, then forth wilbe blotted:
And if thou my father, should die for my cause,
The world would accompt me as guilty in cause:
Then rather deare father, if it be thy pleasure,
Graunt me the death, then keepe I my treasure:
My Lampe, my light, my life vndefiled,
And so may Iudge Apius, of flesh be begiled:
This vpon my knees with humble behest,
Graunt me O father my instant request,

Virginius

Then ryse vp my daughter, my aunswere doo note,
From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now flote:
O daughter, oh deare, O darling, oh dame,
Dispatch me I pray thee, regarde not my name:
But yet, as thou saiest sith remedy none,
But Lemmon thou must be, if I were gone,
And better it is to dye with good fame,
Then longer to liue to reape vs but shame:
But if thou do dye, no doubt is at all,
But presently after my selfe folow shall,
Then end without shame so let vs perseuer,
With trompe of good fame so dye shall we neuer.

Virginia here kneeleth.

Then tender armes complect the neck, downe dry thy fathers teares,
You nimble handes for woe whereof, my louing hart it weares:
Oh father mine, refraine no whit, your sharped knife to take,
From guiltles sheath, my shame to ende, and body dead to make:
Let not the shameles blouddy iudge, defile my virgins life,
Doe take my head and send it him, vpon your bloudy knife:
Bid him imbrue his bloudy handes, in guiltes bloud of mee:
I virgin dye, he leacher liues, he was my ende you see:
No more delayes, to kisse me first, then stretch your strongest arme
Do ryd my woe, increase my ioy, do ease your childe of harme.

Virginius.

O weary wittes of woo, or wealth, oh feble aged man,
How can thy arme geue such a blow, thy death I wishe thee than:
But sith that shame with endles trompe, will sounde if ease thou ioy,
By meanes of false iudge Apius he, myselfe will thee destroy:
Forgeue me babe this bloudy deede, and meekely take thy ende,

Here let him proffer a blowe,

The Gods forgeue thee father deare, farewell, thy blow do bend:
Yet stay a whyle, o father deare, for flesh to death is fraile,
Let first my wimple bind my eyes, and then thy blow assaile.
Now father worke thy will on me, that life I may inioy.

Here

¶ Here tye a handcarcher aboute hir eyes, and then strike of hir heade.

Now stretch thy hand Virginius, that loth would flesh distroy.
O cruell handes, or blouddy knife, o man what hast thou done,
Thy daughter deare, and onely heyre, hir vitall ende hath wone:
Come fatall blade make lyke dispatche, come Atropos, come ende,
Strike home thou careles arme with spæde, of death be not afrayde.

Here entreth Comfort.

Oh noble knight Virginius, do stay, be not dismayde.
I curing Comfort present am, your doller to ayde:

Virginius.

Sith ioy is gone, sith life is deade:
What comfort can there be?
Nomore there is but dæne dispaire

D4 mutilated lacks E1, E2, E3

Heere entereth Haphazard.

I came from Calecu euen the same houre,
And Hap was hyred to hackney in hempstrid,
In hazard he was of riding on beamestrid,
Then crow crop on træ top hoist vp the sayle,
Then groned their neckes, by the weight of their tayle,
Then dyd Carnifex, put these thræ together,
Payd them their passporte for cluttring thither.

Apius.

Why how now Haphazard, of what doest thou speake?
Me thinks in mad sort, thy talke thou doest breake,
[illegible] chant all in one.